

caliber

COMPOSITION BOOK

*The Complications of
Being-in-Environ*
BOOK ONE
Autumn 2001

3 Subject

Wide Ruled

120 Sheets

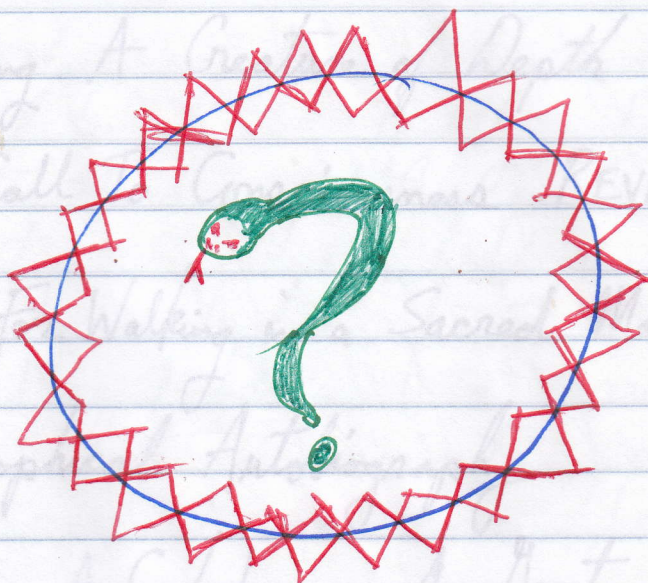
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The Complications of Being-in-Environments
Book One

2011 : Autumn

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THE RADICAL ANONYMITY OF NATURAL EXISTENCE

"In deep sleep we discover the radical anonymity of natural existence. Nightly, I give myself over to those vegetative processes that form but a circumscribed region of my day-body. Surface functions all but abandoned, I become a creature of depth, lost in respiration, ~~powers~~ digesting and circulation."

"My experiential world rests upon the restorative powers of this unconscious being. I can surface only for a limited time before requiring resubmergence in the impersonal."

(The Absent Body, Drew Leder ? c 1990)

X
While I am reading a few chapters at a time of Joe Bore's Mayhem's Fountain, I am not really into "fantasy", although he is quite an imaginative story-teller.

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THE RADICAL ANONYMITY OF NATURAL EXISTENCE

What I really enjoy is reflecting upon my previous notebooks and studying... following the path/trail I set out to follow. I just requested the Freehold Boro Library search for David Abram's Becoming Animal. It was in Abram's The Spell of the Sensuous that I learned about Merleau-Ponty. I had already been getting in to Husserl & Phenomenology as early as 2003, soon after graduating Rutgers University with Honors (with a computer science degree) - (no easy feat).

It is uncanny that, after spontaneously deciding to request Becoming Animal at the library just this evening, I picked up the notebook I (diary) I had been going through, Terpa Incognita Book 4 from February of this year (8 months ago, written while living in Asbury Park). The passage I read says,

"I will most likely be paying more attention to Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception as I Drew Leder (author of The Absent Body) declares that the rich web of terms and concepts supplied by Merleau-Ponty prove useful for summarizing his own findings."

Leder: "Indeed, his work on embodiment has formed the inspiration and source of many of the ideas found here."
(referring to the text, The Absent Body)

For Merleau-Ponty, the world is always a world-as-perceived, not a scientific object or a thing-in-itself.

Hence, the environs surrounding Being are perceived environs. This is the paradoxal complication of Being-in-Environs: Environs are representations-in-Being!

Well, my traversal through my "Notes"

serve some kind of purpose beyond
"reaching other readers." Like
Dostoyevsky's Underground Man, I
write for my own understanding,
to discover how I feel, and
what I honestly think.

Another note from 02-18-2011:

"The Absent Body will motivate me or
inspire me to get back into Phenomenology
of Perception, and to order David
Abram's new book, Becoming Animal."

I am on a path, and very much like
Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Cioran.
I'm not too fond of novels... although
I have enjoyed Dostoyevsky, Zamyatin,
Ira Levin, and even John Brunner.

I will not feel any pressure to race
through Bore's Mayhem's Fountain, but
will peck away a little at a time.
In the meantime, I still intend to
eventually get into Benjamin Lee Whorf's
Language, Thought, and Reality as well as
Jared Diamond's Guns, Germs, and Steel!



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15 October 2011 Sat.

Disgusted, with walking around this damn town looking for bits on the ground, after reading through Terra Incognita Book 5 and, beginning to go over Scrubbling Madness Book 1, I lay down for a cat nap. I slept well... rising at 9PM for a strong blast of dark coffee.

I reflect upon the day's events. The weather was beautiful, but within me, a tension. I helped a brother from the Asbury Park area getting out of the county jail by giving him blueberry muffins I had gotten from Open Door food pantry. I also saw a sister who recognized me from Park Place. She was telling people what a character I was at Park Place, noting that, as much as I agitated the counselors, they never "fucked with me." I gained respect from many people by speaking truthfully, by being myself. Also, Greg Hilroy called me from Pennsylvania. He may head into Allentown to join protests there.



18 October 2011 Tuesday

What am I today? I am the cosmos.
Even were the world in general to mock me,
discredit me, assassinate my character, I
know myself too well to be overwhelmed with
self-doubt. I do not claim to be anything
other than a living animal Being.

I never claimed to be a rapper or a
novelist. I am a thinker, a philosopher.
I question cultural assumptions such as "free will."
Evidently, this machine-world has run amok,
and many are under the spell of Mother
Culture's worldview. The music industry is
corrupt. If this song, that I imagine is
speaking to me directly, really is speaking to me,
then this would signify to me that the
gangster culture is aware of me, and that
they want me to defer to their "authority,"
trying to impose their perception-of-me
on me in order to fill me with doubt.
This is all very petty and superficial ego
crap. Nobody is going to delegitimize me
as a Presence of I Mind. I am in a class
by myself... an introspective creature of great
depth. Those who hate me resent me for my Heart.

* HAVE COURAGE TO FACE DOWN THE MOB!

Now, I don't want to waste too much time or ink/paper defending my character against imagined attacks.

I will use my imagination to "see" how individuals are suicided by society, such as through using mass-media to bully one, to mock one, to destroy one as a cultural entity.

A solution to being at the mercy of public opinion would be to take time each day to become comfortable with oneself. Inner transformations occur where one takes one's mind back.

The world does not get to tell us who we are. No bullies / things are going to fill me with doubt. Here is where my imagination may come in to play.

The prison-industrial complex is a gargantuan machine, ~~where~~ and the music industry perpetuates gangster culture by promoting sexist, racist, and TV-land mentality. Standing up to the mob requires detaching from concerning oneself with "what EVERYBODY thinks."



20 October 2011 Thursday

In Madness & Modernism Louis A. Sass reveals something Kafka had written to a friend which helps me understand why I am so reluctant to trudge through Joe Bore's fantasy novel, Mayhem's Fountain.

He said he only wanted to read "the kinds of books that bite and sting... a book should be an ice-pick to break up the frozen sea within us."

My mood is basically depressed this morning. At least I will be able to spend the day with my mother today as she needs my help with grocery shopping. I will prepare meatballs & pasta for an early lunch, and Mom will prepare Pasta Fazool this evening. I will try to be cheerful and kind.



22 October 2011 Sat

I have been eating large quantities of food but am more edgy since I have no tobacco. I guess the way I am belittled by the ignorant has finally reached a threshold point where I reject being disrespected.



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23 October 2011 Sunday

Why do I feel compelled to "study" inside, basically hiding from people? I get the feeling there are those who may think this is just a show, that somehow I am only pretending to be a scholar.

I am going through Madness & Modernism - the section on The Language of Inwardness. I turn away from the human community, and focus instead on expressing the inner life.

While, ideally, I prefer sitting on a bench in the sunshine, there is this annoying sensation of being utterly mocked by those who take me for a joke. And why should I feel mocked?

Well, for one, where does all my verbal capacity and problem-solving skill leave me but a penniless beggar? The slightest chuckle angers me. How frustrating to possess such inwardness and I be a million miles away from other human beings! Perhaps all there is for me to "do" is sit on a bench and read in solitude. Let each do as he/she will. The ministers and preachers have nothing to offer me today.



Once again, David Abram points to Maurice Merleau-Ponty, who he credits with having had "analyzed, with stunning lucidity" the body's influence on even our most rarefied cogitations.

Antonio Damasio says that "the mind," at its base, is nothing other than the body's ongoing experience of perturbations ~~experienced~~ unfolding at the contact surface between itself and the world.

So, in the chapter called 'MIND', Abram is already guiding me to writers whose works I have managed to salvage, specifically Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception and Damasio's The Feeling of What Happens: Body & Emotion in the Making of Consciousness.

And here Abram's work leads me right to the core of my own current theories. Sentience is not an attribute of a body in isolation. Mind arises, and dwells, between the body and the Earth.

David Abram asks, "What if mind is not ours, but is Earth's? What if mind, rightly understood, is not a special property of humankind, but is rather a property of the Earth itself? — a power in which we are carnally ~~displaced~~ immersed?"

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"What if there is, yes, a quality of inwardness to the mind, not because the mind is located inside us (inside our body or brain), but because we are situated, bodily, inside IT — because our lives and our thoughts unfold in the depths of a mind that is not really ours, but is rather the Earth's

As I skim through David Abram's Becoming Animal, I become distracted by an "inner impulse" as though I want to search elsewhere for "inspiration".

These inner, subtle "impulses" — desires, motivations — some might attribute it to an abstract "God" or even a personal "will" of the creature itself.

It's as though I had to shut my eyes and ears so as to be able to listen to some kind of invisible intelligence, an inner guide.

Of course, the ~~same~~ animal body is already contemplating the meat, balls and sauce in the refrigerator back in my domicile. It is not so much which particular text I am engaged in, but has

more to do with "interest" or enthusiasm -
 What is it that "gets our ATTENTION" ?
 What is worthy of our ATTENTION ?
 Am I ready to become interested in the
Phenomenology of Perception ? What guides me ?

There are a couple interesting texts on the small Philosophy shelf, one about Philip K Dick's ideas, another by Chris Hedges - Empire of Illusion in which he states that positive psychology is very effective in keeping people from questioning the structures around them that are responsible for their misery.

X

So, the experiment worked out for me. I went to the big bookstore in order to escape the situation of having to be at the mercy of one who might make the mistake of trying to dominate or bully me. I went to the bookstore and invited my soul. I prefer to ignite my imagination. I prefer to write an indictment against the empire of illusion. Having devoted so much of my life to honest contemplation about the nature of reality, I have found it best to "be" alone.



1 November 2011 Tuesday

Ethan, Tyshon, and I walked passed the lake on Ravine Drive, cracking up. I was yelling, "Here Kitty, Kitty, Scooter... KA-KA-COOTER!" We were laughing so loud we were howling. I saw one of my brother also passing through Marc Hampton Apartments who had lived there when I had. He now lives in Newark on a 17th floor, and he's seen two people shot within 1 week's time.

They've created a dangerous world. Somehow Tyshon missed the trip back into Freehold where I heated up meatballs & sauce & pasta. Ethan very much appreciated the meatballs & toasted bagels & pasta. The whole trip out there was a smoke-fest. I was glad to sleep on my blankets on the floor in heated house on Marcy Street with a very full stomach.



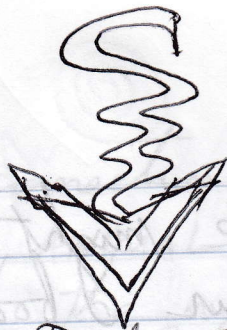
Ethan's thoughts about "the reptilian brain" resonated with me: all "it" is concerned with is eating, staying warm & dry, sleeping; it has no concern for what people think of it. This reptile also is obsessed with tobacco.

picking
an
get me
mother

this
with

3 November 2011

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There is a People's Trial which will march on Goldman-Sachs in Manhattan today. In the midst of my usual frantic day of paying rent & fines & bills & debts on the 3rd of the month, I will want to focus on my scholarly project of reading Akrani's Becoming Animal.

Chapter One, "Shadow", was intense.

"Only by renouncing the vertical stance — dropping away our upright individuality and leaning back upon the earth, letting our gaze become the gaze of Earth itself — do we make some sense of the endless depths in which Earth dwells. For those depths are not OUR habitat; they are Earth's. And so it's only by unfurling our limbs and settling back into the body of Earth that the night sky becomes, for us, a steady comfort and a womb."

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"Sleep, we might say, is a habit
born in our bodies, as the earth
comes between our bodies and the
sun. Sleep is the shadow of the
earth as it ~~seeps into~~ ~~our~~ ~~our~~
~~skin~~ falls across our awareness.
Yes. To the human animal,
sleep is the shadow of the earth
as it seeps into our skin and
spreads throughout our limbs,
dissolving our individual will
into the thousand and one selves
that compose it - cells, tissues,
and organs taking their prime directives
now from gravity and the wind.

Abram's writing is poetic. In a
footnote just 10 pages into the
book, there is mention of the
phrase "becoming animal".

* Acknowledging, affirming, and growing into
our ANIMALITY *

Very interesting connection: The phrase, BECOMING ANIMAL, is sometimes associated with the writings of the French philosopher Gilles Deleuze (1925-1995) and his collaborator, the psychoanalyst Félix Guattari (1930-1992).

Abram's states in this footnote, and I quote, "My work also shares with his (Deleuze) a keen resistance to whatever unnecessarily impedes the erotic creativity of matter."

All is full of love.

"As a phenomenologist, I am far too taken with lived experience - with the felt encounter between our sensate body and the animate earth - to suite his philosophical taste."

(Abram 2010)
speaking about Deleuze (ANTI-OEDIPUS)

This affirms my subtle resistance to the text, although I am indebted to it for introducing me to Artaud.

2011.11.06

X

[Socrates was wrong. There is a wider community of intelligence which beckons us. This is why I walk to a place outdoors where I can read in the sunshine, whenever there is sunshine, that is.]

Actually, as my goal is to get into this text while I have it, I will leave my pen & notebook in my "cage" (domicile) so as not to be distracted from Abram's text. It is refreshing to enter the consciousness of David & Abram and see our world through his eyes and ^{other} senses.

Can his thought-processes be transmitted via the written alphabetic language?

How significant is it that I am paying attention to Abram? How significant is it that he is an intellectual successor of Edmund Husserl and Maurice Merleau-Ponty —

(sci-fi) a phenomenologist? Was Colin Wilson's MIND PARASITES prophetic? Is Schopenhauer's pessimistic philosophy at odds with Husserlian phenomenology?

In Wilson's The Mind Parasites, the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer is presented as a poisonous anti-life attitude - actually what Nietzsche would later criticize as passive nihilism.

To come right out and proclaim life as a horrific accident is to spit in the face of all the Jewish optimism and even indigenous cultures' claims that there is a Creator with good intentions that has authored reality.

One comes to conclusions only when one has gained enough confidence in one's ability to distinguish perception from reality, when one tears off the harness of culture and experiences reality in the raw radical anonymity of the natural existence of OUR ANIMAL BODIES. Then I am able to question the cosmologies propagated throughout human communities.

So, evidently I can write while intoxicated. The problem with carrying my diary/notebook is that it causes me anxiety. If I lose it, I can't replace it like BECOMING ANIMAL.

2011.11.12



The word "idea" and the word "species" were once synonymous terms - one Greek the other Latin for the same phenomenon!

Both derive their meaning from a single Greek term, "eidos".

eidos → "the visible look, or outward form" of a THING.

(idea was simply the feminine form of eidos)

[It was Aristotle's usage of] Plato's term "idea" that was precisely translated into Latin by the word "species" - a term that originally signified, like the Greek "idea", the outward form or "look" of any entity.

(idea ≡ species) → "a collective group of individuals that share a common form"

The word "species" has retained much of its earthly meaning while the word "idea" reverted to its more ephemeral Platonic meaning, as an immaterial image or thought pondered by the mind.

ephemera → anything short-lived or transitory

The world is my idea, my representation,
an imaginary dream-like thought.

The forms that we call "species" were once experienced as presences entirely akin to "ideas." This is because "ideas" were then held to have a much more independent and impersonal reality than they do in our time. Today "ideas" appear to have lost much of their universal transcendent character.

"Like thoughts, notions, and insights, "ideas" are now assumed to be the mostly private ephemera of an individual mind, inhabitants of an interior zone of reflection that is unique to each person." (Abram 2010)

"Species" has lost all apparent association with the intellect. Species seem entirely objective aspects of the external material world. (environs)
Hence, the clear distinction between inner and outer worlds is confounded.

ephemera → anything short-lived or transitory

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There is a definite resonance between thought and the earthly terrain. There is something about the psyche that exceeds us and overflows all our knowings, confounding every notion of mind as a self-contained space within our head.

"What if mind is not ours, but is Earth's? What if mind, if rightly understood, is not a special property of humankind, but is, rather, a property of the Earth itself — a power in which we are all carnally immersed?"
(Abram 2010)

He continues: "What if there is, yes, a quality of inwardness to the mind, not because the mind is located inside us (inside our body or brain), but because we are situated, bodily, inside it — because our lives and our thoughts unfold in the depths of a mind that is not really ours, but is rather the Earth's?"

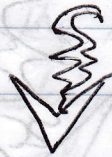
The air itself is AWARE. The ENVIRONS, aware?

Something outside oneself is
The brain is an introjected earth.
* An interjection is the opposite of a projection —

Is the unseen air that enfolds us, and circulates through us, ~~the~~ the very stuff of awareness?

"Sentience was never our private possession. We live immersed in intelligence, enveloped and informed by a creativity we cannot fathom."

Note: When going through a text I have just read, scanning for gems I wish to include in my own project, I am BEING most my True Self. This is me being me - The Earth being E Mike Hentrich.



Wind is moodiness personified.

Wind is the ancient and ever-present source of the words "spirit" and "psyche". It is the "ruach" of the ancient Hebrews. It is the Latin "anima", the soulful wind that animates all breathing Beings (all ANIMALS). Wind is the Navajo "Nilch'i,"

The brain is an introjected earth. * An interjection is the opposite of a projection -

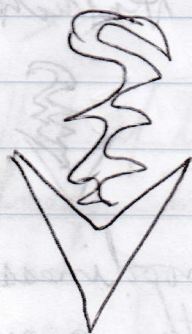
something outside oneself is replicated within.

the Holy Wind from whence all beings
draw their awareness.
The minds are "the spirits".

Psychological qualities are now presumed to
exist within the private realm of each
individual's "inner world."

Where, really, is this INNER world?

Where is this expansive inner space to
which we allude? Where does the
IMAGINATION reside? We are
INSIDE IT.



There are several points David Abram
makes in the Concluding chapter of Becoming
Animal that I want to record,
transcribe, and reflect more deeply upon
at my leisure. I may pause here and
return to this task after another WALK-
ABOUT outdoors.



13 November 2011 Sunday

I awaken decidedly angry that my landlord's son reported to his father that I am a slob, and that, when the father called my mother complaining that they did not receive October's rent, he also mentioned to her to see if she might "shame & guilt" me.

I am **INCENSED!** Outraged. I am so sick of being harassed, demeaned, judged by "the conventional"!

To be at the mercy of gorts. What the fuck would they have me do?

First of all, I DID pay cash for and mail out the money order.

Secondly, I sometimes let the place get dirty, but I always clean up. It is a tiny place that is easily cluttered by a scholar such as myself.

Tobacco, books, notebooks.

Well, another war with those who wish to torment me. I resent the sadistic pleasure they enjoy by having me at their mercy.

I do not share their values. I am not some

kind of slave to the casual opinions of others. I do not concern myself with such petty bullshit as keeping my jail cell in Taker Prison clean for inspections by The LANDLORD.

I suppose I am being called WHITE TRASH by the sophisticated retired professor, who may in fact be a high brow SNOB, after all.

As a writer, I am free to explore my animal emotions: hatreds, lusts, ~~and~~ indignation, contempt, rebellion... I am a philosopher

[Surely Natural from Internet is, or point when he claims I live the life of some protagonist in a classic novel who encounters difficulties in society simply Being myself.

I feel akin to Prince Myshkin of Idiot, and even a little like R from Crime & Punishment - "former student."

And yet, I am NOT a fictional character in an existentialist saga, but a real living man, a true breathing "character" with blood running through my veins. I am neither ~~not~~ alive I to entertain nor to instruct, but ^{simply} to BE.

There are pestilent characters in our world, vulgar snakes in positions to torment, judge, punish, harass.] These issues with the current landlord are minuscule in comparison to issues I've had in previous residences.

Why, I have become a hardened zek in the Land of Extreme Poverty, State Therapy, and Automobile-worshipping gorts.

[Life is science-fiction. My philosophical narrative is autobiographical where I DO "PHILOSOPHY in the flesh". The very ways in which society "suicides" its visionaries are I recorded herein; and perhaps my strategies for combating the conventional gorts will be successful. On the other hand, the gorts may destroy me in the end.] WILD MAN SCHOLAR WARRIOR.

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[Now. Anger is a much better response
than depression. Feeling strong, I rebel.
Were I feeling weak, I might
succumb to having my spirit
eaten by those who think me at
their mercy.]

My pride will not be wounded by
petty-minded, pitiable landlords who
I just don't see, the insurrection at
hand. The authority of landlords
is based in ILLUSION.

Therefore, all these complaints are
simply par-for-the-course. I will not
react to the attacks. I will
THINK. I really am surrounded by
gorts, dunces, and bullies.

There's just no making sense of it.
Actually, upon deeper reflection, it
all makes perfect sense. A series
of mishaps... absurd consequences.

Quite a balancing act. I am not
a TOY for landlords to harass &
torment. I will attempt to track down
the money order but I KNOW MY ENEMY.

Σ 63

CONFRONTING A CONFEDERACY OF GORTS

[Last night the Puerto Rican family next door was singing up a storm. Wow... I did not feel alienated but rather honored to witness it. It had the feel of Hesse's Steppenwolf, where I am Harry Haller.

[Maybe I ought to change my id ~~from~~ ^{to} Broken Spanish ~~OR~~ Henry Heinrich or even Hungry Heinrich.]

X

Sensing that my nephew and his wife, Robin, may be susceptible to believing in some kind of non-physical

[dimension which they want to escape to, I want to take some crucial excerpts from ~~David~~ the Conclusion of David Abram's Becoming Animal. This also addresses other dominant worldviews as well:

" If much natural science of the last two centuries held itself aloof from the nature it studied, pondering the material world as though that world were a huge aggregate of inert objects and mechanical events, many new age spiritualists simply abandon material nature entirely, inviting their adherents to focus their intuitions upon non-material energies and disincarnate beings assumed to operate in an a-physical dimension, pulling the strings of our apparent reality and arranging earthly events according to an order that lies elsewhere, behind the scenes. Commonly reckoned to be at odds with one another, conventional over-reductive science and most new age spiritualities actually fortify one another in their detachment from the earth, one of them reducing sensible nature to an object with scant room for sentience and creativity, the other projecting all creativity into a "supernatural dimension beyond all bodily ken."

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E 63
" A similar alliance, unsuspected by those most caught within it, may be found in the contemporary ideological battle between the advocates of creationism (or, as many currently frame themselves, the proponents of "intelligent design") and the neo-Darwinian dogmatists of the "new atheism."

" The scientific intellect, which sometimes prides itself on having vanquished the belief in God from much of the rational populace, regularly situates its gaze in the very place (or rather, the very same NON-PLACE) recently vacated by that God.

For it affects the same external, all-seeing perspective, the same view from nowhere enjoyed by that deity. The most assertive new atheists, unwittingly rely, in this sense, upon the very same monotheistic assumptions that they ostensibly oppose."

I am aware that these excerpts are extensive, but I find these concluding insights very helpful in deepening my understanding of just what rules I, and the wrong I way about most of the prevailing worldviews of my "contemporaries."

"The hyper-rational objectivity behind a great deal of contemporary techno-science could only have arisen in a civilization steeped in a dogmatic and other-worldly monotheism, for it is largely a continuation of the very same detached and derogatory relation to sensuous nature. If in an earlier era we spoke of the earthly world as fallen, sinful, and demonic, we now speak of it as mostly inert, mechanical, and determinate. In both instances nature is stripped of its generosity and prodigious creativity."

I notice that within a few pages, Abram has managed to confront just what I find erroneous in the outlooks of nephew or Rich Bore. The following confronts the views Nature/ may have been sinking in:

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"Similarly, the utopian, technological dreaming that would have us bioengineer our way into a new and "more perfected" nature (or would have us download human consciousness into "better hardware"), like the new-age wish to spiritually transcend the "physical plane" entirely, seems calculated to help us hide from the shadowed wonder and wildness of earthly existence."

Most of our contemporary convictions carefully divert us from a felt sense that this wild flowering earth is the primary source of itself, the very well-spring of its own ongoing regeneration.

They divert us from ~~feeling~~ recognizing that nature is self-born, that Nature belongs to itself!

"It is as though what is deeper down below is best not pondered at all, lest we

fall under its infernal influence. For is not that deep-down place the terrible locus of Hell, the very dwelling of Satan and the fiery source of all that's evil? "

" Dismissing our felt experience, we sacrificed much of our animal empathy with the animate earth, forfeiting the implicit sustenance we'd always drawn from that empathy. "

" There are those who are not frightened of grief; dropping deep into the sorrow, they find therein a necessary elixir to the numbness. When they encounter one another, when they press their foreheads against the bark of a centuries-old tree ... their eyes well with tears that fall easily to the ground. The soil needs this water. Grief is but a gate, and our tears a kind of key opening a place of wonder that's been locked away. Suddenly we notice the sustaining resonance

between the drumming heart within our chest and the pulse rising from under the ground. "]



I have not been as focused on my mental progression for quite a long time. I refuse to allow petty materialistic goals rob me of my inspiration and enthusiasm.

More than ever I am motivated to go to the sources of David Abram's rare worldview: Merleau-Ponty and eventually back to Husserl.

Merleau-Ponty
Phenomenology of Perception

I am actually quite stimulated by the more section titles of Part II: The World As Perceived

1. Sense Experience
2. Space
3. The Thing and the Natural World
4. Other Selves and the Human World

As for The Essential Husserl, I would begin by going over Phenomenology As Transcendental Philosophy. These readings may give me insights which will ignite sparks to drive the engines of my

PROJECTS

2011.11.14

X

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[There is a 20-page essay online called *Fanon, Merleau-Ponty and the difference of Phenomenology* as well as Fanon's *Descent Under the Burden of the White Gaze*.

The book I requested contains the paper, "The Lived Experience of the Black," one of the most profound critiques of phenomenology offered this century.

~~The paper~~
Fanon's critique of phenomenology quickly exposes the core of its problematic relation to difference. Supposedly, Fanon's text provides a *corrective to phenomenology*, at the same time as showing how the theorisation of lived experience that is its source can reveal the key issues at work between agency, history and the world, and perhaps most fundamentally, the possibilities for justice.

"The move here against the *primordial unity of the perceived world* in Merleau-Ponty's phenomenology is dramatic."]

Fanon is suggesting that Merleau-Ponty's conception of the corporeal schema, hitherto the iterative locus of the reciprocal emergence of self and world, is undercut or undermined in the case of the black subject in Europe.

Fanon's analysis of black Erlebnis under colonialism and imperialism clearly deeply problematizes orthodox phenomenology, and in particular the thought of Merleau-Ponty.

The equality that Merleau-Ponty assumed exists across all able-bodied beings is nullified and rendered naive by the black experience.

For Fanon, ontology conceals the work of the white mythos in constructing the images of blackness which black people in his view have subsequently adopted in a reflexive comprehension of "black being."

What better thread to FOCUS MY ATTENTION on than "a critique of power?"

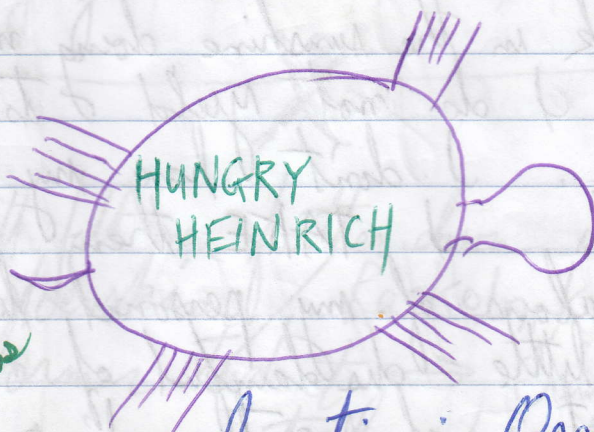
Philosophy has been slow to participate in the field of "race studies," and its various offshoots, including the more recent development of "whiteness" as a category of academic ~~critique~~ critique.

percaritatem.com/

[note: find source: _____]

"I will argue, that whilst there are problems lurking in the assumptions phenomenology makes about its ground, these problems are not fatal to its future. As recent feminist thinkers have discovered, on the contrary, an encounter with phenomenology, particularly the thought of Maurice Merleau-Ponty, is needed today in order to re-establish a relation between LIVED EXPERIENCE and THOUGHT.

Making the
Darkness
Conscious



Location: Occupy South Street

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X

I think that words may give one a false sense of mastery over life. The more ferocious one's honesty, the less certain one becomes, the more complex one's worldview becomes.

Could this be one of the rewards for deep thinking, that one becomes more comfortable with mystery, paradox, contradiction, and complexity?]

I don't want to watch or listen to no damn football game on Thanksgiving Day. There are conclusions I am coming to that force me to face just how vulnerable a human being is in the hostile universe. Life passes like a dream. It is best to hide under a blanket.

X

Up at 4AM, I drank coffee, smoked tobacco, ate fried eggs, and was laying down under blanket again before 8AM. Now, by 11AM I am awake again, feeling philosophically depressed, in the process of becoming meaner.

2011. 11. 23

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[The setting, the "environs" my Being is "in," is ideal for "existentialist" philosophy. Perhaps existentialism is not a good term to use since this covers thinking as diverse as Nietzsche, Camus, and Heidegger.

The atmosphere is dystopian. Will there even be an audience "there" to reflect upon these scribbblings or do I really engage in these literary sessions to better understand my own thought processes?

To be so focused on my internal "invisible" transformations helps me to process "how I feel," and hence, to embrace my moods rather than attempt to control or alter them.

Maybe I am quite fortunate to find myself ignored, economically ostracized, and generally "left alone." This, after all, is what delivers me from human society.

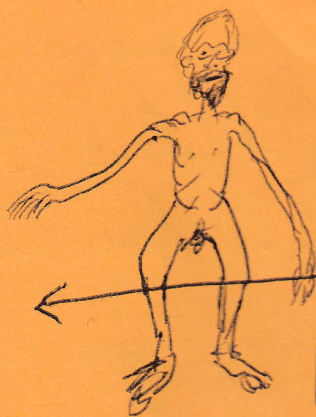
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[While hordes of disgruntled anti-capitalists
confront ~~a~~ militarized police forces
across the country and, indeed,
all over the earth, I consider whether
to continue going over my jail house notes
or trying I to focus on Merleau-
Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception.]

Knowing my true interests I find the
taunting & sneers of gots that
much more pathetic.]

When it comes to human society,
I no longer have any concerns about
any bonds - except, of course, the
small circle: B & FAMILY,
Mom, the town drunks, mental cases,
outcasts, loners, freaks, etc.

I am an enemy of bullies and anachismos.
I have no patience for those who
inquire into my beliefs concerning
"the one Lord Jesus." I
Many must despise me for my powerful
CONFIDENCE in MY OWN CONNECTION TO REALITY.



24 November 2011
Thursday "Thanksgiving Day"

[What one chooses to focus one's attention on — is this really a choice? In the early morning, my awareness seems more mature. I mean, I understand that my sexual/emotional attraction to a woman does not guarantee this attraction is mutual.

Can one who has been in a jailhouse ever ~~not~~ be able to forget how easily we can be ripped from the everyday world?

What is the real world? Isn't "reality" processed within Being itself? Take today, for example, in the United States of America, where people celebrate a national holiday which celebrates the conquest of North America! One does not attempt to challenge those who have been so thoroughly brainwashed and indoctrinated.]

(That is, SYSTEMATIC STUPIDITY)

Taken as facts, ~~my~~^{our} failings can lead to the dismantling of the hypothesis of the self. Then ~~my~~^{our} failures to adapt to idiotic norms (*) become acts of resistance in the current ~~rats' nest of~~ crises. They become a rebellion and a force against everything that conspires to normalize us — to amputate us.] I repeat: We are a rebellion against + ev. — amputate us.

Our inadaptability is only a problem from the standpoint of what aims to subjugate us. The hypothesis of the self is beginning to crack at the seams.]

I went back to sleep by 7AM. By 11 AM I was awakened by the phone.

"Happy Thanksgiving!" says my Mom in a cheerful voice.

"Yeh, right..." is all I managed to say.

"Look, Mom, can I call you back?"

"Were you still sleeping?" Mom says.

I really had to get my head together before I could speak to her. I can't just be myself.]

[How can we endure "The Superbowl", "Pavarotti", "Obama", and car commercials?]

I don't want to upset ~~my~~ ^{The Mother Culture} Mom with crazy talk about the massacre of Native American Natural World people's. How can we still celebrate the United States of AmeriKa after we see what has happened as a result of the conquest of the Americas? *

[I called my mother back. Surprisingly, she is now very sympathetic toward my hostility against the celebration of the conquest of North America.]

[Now I head out to catch some food, and to "break bread" with everyday people.]

What better thing to do on "Thanksgiving Day" but to dismantly the hypothesis of the self? There are a few chapters in Owen Flanagan's The Problem of the Soul, namely the chapters FREE WILL, PERMANENT SELVES, and NATURAL SELVES which may assist me in doing away with the "IS" of identity (to be) once and for all.]

[We spend our whole lives letting the world tell us who we are. Maybe we can invent something better.]

So, while this "mind" is zinging in on specific texts today, it is also scanning its jailhouse notes from the Summer 2010 ^{see ch 6} Here is a note from the introduction to Malcolm Lowry's Under the Volcano (intro by Stephen Spender):

"What seems to be his deepest truth is his isolation. He rejects love to protect this isolation. His dilemma is to decide whether the isolation involves the rejection of love."

Malcolm Lowry has become a figure of the writer as doomed genius. He suspected at times that he was not a writer so much as being written. While "society" gathers to view stupid football games on TV and watch dumbed-down Hollywood blockbusters, I scumble away like any other day.]

[Gotta stretch my mind to handle contradiction
Who would have thought truth could be stranger
than ^{SCIENCE} FICTION?]

2011. 11. 29

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PHENOMENOLOGY OF SUFFERING

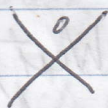
While I was all set to read A Clockwork Orange - the edition which includes the one final chapter which had been excluded from the American edition (and the film) - when I got to the library this morning, the librarian had the copy of Frantz Fanon's Black Skin, White Masks I had requested.

They were able to find an old copy from the Guggenheim Memorial Library (Monmouth College - West Long Branch).

I think it is an original 1967 edition - the year of my own birth. The original edition was published in Paris, France in 1952 as Peu Noire, Masques Blancs.

The pages are brittle. After reading the intro I will dive directly into Chapter 5, "The Fact of Blackness," the chapter upon which The Lived Experience of the Black Man is based. Then I can read through the entire text. I am in scholar-warrior mode.

[Ray the junkman had asked me if I wanted a little work today, but I explained that I just got my hands on a copy of a book I had requested, and that I was going to really try to focus on studying it over the next 3 days. Once Friday arrives I will have some cash for lubricating my soul. I want to take advantage of my clear mind while it is "in tact."]



[African Phenomenology. While protesters occupy cities across the nation and around the globe, this obscure scholar investigates the African Phenomenology of Frantz Fanon. I indulged in an hour nap at noon: Siesta. I read through chapter 5. Now, from the Introduction, Fanon writes, "~~What?~~" "Why write this book?" "Well? Well, I reply quite calmly that there are too many idiots in this world. And having said it, I have the burden of proving it."]

already included in Critique of Power.

What is the state of being a "negro"?

It is a state of enforced **NEGRIFICATION** which colonized Africana peoples lost their earlier cultural identities and became identified by the color of their skin.

The caricature of "the negro" is first and foremost for Fanon a dark projection that is basic to the cathartic and scapegoating mechanisms of the European psyche.

For Fanon, in the West, "the Negro has one function: that of symbolizing the lower emotions, the baser inclinations, the dark side of the soul." (1967: p190)

This is the meaning of negrification, the state of being a "negro."

Because the African is not a "negro," negrification as a form of racialization produced what Fanon called a psycho-existential deviation, an aberration of affect in the psyche of Africana peoples.

2011.12.04

There are not many, nay, hardly even a handful of people interested in the subjects I am interested in: social injustice, racism, yes; but not on the level of phenomenology.

I can quote Karl Jaspers as quoted by Fanon:

"Comprehension in depth of a single instance will often enable us, phenomenologically, to apply this understanding in general to innumerable cases."

"What is important in phenomenology is less the study of a large number of instances than the intuitive and deep understanding of a few individual cases."

Now I have come across some startling information that may really prove to make my literary investigations worthwhile.

Fanon writes, "The average length of the penis among the black men of Africa," Dr. Patis says, rarely exceeds 120 millimeters (4.6244 inches). Testut offers the same figure for the European.

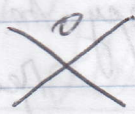
Eureka! My penis is of average size.
I am not so very much of a freak. *

* The extra-large dicks are the freaks.



9 December 2011 Friday

I treasure solitude! Preparing stew after 10PM was a great way to pull myself out of my "funk", which is caused by being drained by the presence of troubled souls.



Césaire: "Life is not a spectacle, for a sea of sorrows is not a stage, for a man who cries out is not a dancing bear..."

Life is real, not a show nor a joke.

i Can philosophical comedy treat the most serious issues of life, living, suffering, and injustice?

Is it true that jokers and comedians are usually the saddest individuals?

Does genius force one to ponder the most serious questions? Problems being considered on unconscious levels.

Fanon: "I believe it is necessary to become a child again in order to grasp certain psychic realities. This is where Jung was an innovator: He wanted to go back to the childhood of the world, but he made a remarkable mistake: He went back only to the childhood of Europe."

location: ~~THE~~ DARK SIDE OF THE SOUL

My inner nigger killed whitey.

"The Negro is in every sense the victim of white civilization."

I see how, if the original 1952 work Black Skin, White Masks was translated to English in 1967, then this work must have had a powerful impact on Malcolm X and other ~~intellectual~~ ^{black} geniuses of that era.

What about Willie Horton?

He was obsessed with Hermann Heese's
STEPPENWOLF.

I am very inspired by this Franz Fanon.
Philosophy has yet to ~~consider~~
plumb the depths of what is Africana.

Shall I research Africana Phenomenology?

Isn't this all too similar to Colin Wilson's
science fiction novel The Mind Parasites?

"An Antikan is made white by the collective
unconscious, by a large part by his
individual unconscious, and by the virtual
totality of his mechanism of individuation.
The color of his skin, of which there
is no mention in Jung, is black. All
the inequalities to understand are born of
this blunder."

To assert oneself sometimes requires one
insist that attention be paid, not to the
color of one's skin or ethnicity but to
the **FORCE** of one's intellect.

I need not attempt to hide ~~my~~ ~~the~~ my
powerful intellect. Nor do I need to apologize

for being a critical thinker. The fact that I am a philosopher, that I think deeply, is not something I can hide. Nor is it even desirable to "temper ~~the~~ its force."

"The scapegoat for white society - which is based on myths of progress, civilization, liberalism, education, refinement - will be precisely the force that opposes the expansion and the triumph of those myths. This vital opposing force is supplied by the Negro."

Writing of Césaire, Fanon writes that once he laid bare the white man in himself, he killed him.

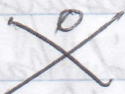
Could this "white man in himself" be similar to what gortbusters call "the gort"?

Gorticide is the inner nigger killing whitey.

Fanon quotes, Mounin, when he says could

never be mistaken for an average Frenchman.

"I profited perhaps by learning, at an age when one's mind has not yet been prejudiced, that Negroes are men like ourselves.... I as a white man thus gained, perhaps, the possibility of always being natural with a Negro - and I never, in his presence, to fall stupidly and imperceptibly into that attitude of ethnographic investigator that is still too often our unbearable manner of putting them in their place."



Now, at 3AM, I am still ~~going there~~ hungrily gobbling up Black Skin, White Masks 30 pages to go, and some of the most interesting stuff to me, yet to be investigated.

Perhaps it is best if I rest and get into it with a rested brain, & a rested back. My back is in serious pain. No good deed goes unpunished.

X

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Saturday morning seems to be a great time to use of the Internet. Also, it is easier to take notes at the table in the library than in my domicile on Marcy Street.

Black Skin, White Masks makes me more appreciate some of the courses I took at Rutgers that were not "technical," such as INDIVIDUAL & SOCIETY.

Fanon: "If there is a taint, it lies not in the 'soul' of the individual but rather in that of the environment."

"The environment, society, are responsible for your delusion. Once that has been said, the rest will follow of itself, and what that is we know. The end of the world."

This Fanon was a GENIUS!

"Man is human only to the extent to which he tries to impose his existence on another man in order to be recognized by him."

2p1
"When there are no longer slaves, there are no longer masters."

"Intellectual alienation is a creation of middle-class society. What I call middle-class society is any society that becomes rigidified in predetermined forms, forbidding all evolution, all gains, all progress, all discovery. I call middle-class a closed society in which life has no taste, in which the air is tainted, in which ideas and men are corrupt."

"O my body, make of me always a man who questions!"

I wonder if the knuckle-dragging thing is tracking me. Why does he harass me? He was at the library ~~ready~~ pretending to ~~me~~ read the paper with shades on. What a shady character!

Note 2012 May
Now, Carol I am BRILLIANT!
Wow. How things change!

My backpain is beginning to heal up. By Tuesday, when I have to help my mother with her grocery shopping, my back may be even more healed.

I was able to print some pages about Africana Phenomenology with change I had in my pocket. A beer run for Danny at Henderson's got me a 40 of Olde English 800.

This philosophical ADVENTURE is becoming exciting: "Africana Phenomenology"!

There are several key elements beginning to make themselves clearly on some kind of THEME, that theme being DARKNESS:

"making the darkness conscious" (site name)

location: Dark Side of the Soul

id → Sticks & Bones (name given to me by prisoners held captive at the county jail)

Africana phenomenology is a subfield of Africana philosophy. Africana phenomenology is not very well known because it is forced to exist in the non-rational and a-theoretical shadow cast over it by Western philosophy in general, and Western phenomenology in particular.

phenomenology → self-reflection
→ introspection

I certainly am drawn to extremely obscure yet world-destroying material!

I may walk outdoors to "self-reflect" deeply as a creature of depth.

My throat hurts. It is difficult for me to speak or sing. I have to rest my voice. At best I can still write, read, look, listen, and learn.

My animal body is tired, but my animal spirit is strong.

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"In the tradition of Africana phenomenology, the occasion for self-reflection has not been the positivistic reduction of rationality and the mechanized caricature of the European subject that it threatens to produce. Rather, the occasion for reflection has been the racist negating of the humanity of Africans and the caricature of "the negro" that it has produced. Unlike European phenomenology, these Africana reflections have been interested in clarifying the systemic error producing foundations of the European humanities and social sciences that have had to legitimate and make appear as correct this racist reduction of African humanity. The positivistic reduction of European humanity and the racist reduction of African humanity are opposite sides of the coin of modern Western capitalism. The mechanical caricature is a part of the upper and rational side of itself that Western capitalism likes to affirm. The racist caricature of "the Negro" is a creation of the

"underside" of this mechanized capitalism,
a part of its irrational shadow that
it cannot affirm but must project onto
others that it perceives as its
opposite. " (Paget Henry)

X

After eating a late breakfast around 9³⁰ AM,
I decided to lay down on blankets on floor
and rest my back as well as my lungs and
respiratory system. I slept the morning and
half the day away until 2:30 PM. So as to
avoid cabin fever I walked over to Barnes &
Noble and browsed until around 5 PM.

There wasn't much that interested me.
I returned to my apartment cold, hungry, and
comfortably lonely. What I mean by this
is that I have given up on romance
and friendship, that I am determined
to enjoy my higher faculties in peace.
I have no desire to go begging
for booze out in the cold. I will try
to get into A Clockwork Orange.

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I speed-read through A Clockwork Orange this evening and was not very impressed at all. It makes me think I really ought to just stick to philosophical work. Like Kafka and Cioran I have lost interest in novels. And yet still I am the narrator of this tale.

I write for myself, but I may begin to address an audience of the future. What shall I tell you, dear readers, about my lifeworld? Shall I confess that I have no friends to speak of? I often speak to people in the streets, but I really have no peers, nobody who shares my interest in "subversive literature" and philosophy.

The weather has turned cold and I still have this sore throat, so I am basically just soothing my throat with cup after cup of hot herbal tea, unsure of what to do besides staring off into inner space.



There are still some notes from Paget Henry's *Africana Phenomenology: Its Implications for PHILOSOPHY*. As I may have to put Madness & Modernism on hold again.

© 14 December 2011 Wednesday

Maybe "metaphysical illness" is a soul sickness brought on by contemplating insoluble riddles.



From Paget Henry's essay, "Africana Phenomenology":

What is the state of being a "negro"?

"It is a state of enforced negritude, in which colonized Africana peoples lost their earlier cultural identities and became identified by the color of their skin."

The outer form of this state is the ~~socio~~
~~first~~ substituting of an epidermal identity in
 the place of a cultural one. The
 inner content of this outer transformation is
 the socio-historical reality of being forced to
 live as the unconscious, liminal shadow,
 the repressed and undesirable side of the
 imperial European subject that had racialized
 its identity as white. The caricature of
 "the negro" is first and foremost for Fanon
 a dark projection that is basic to the
 catpartic and scapegoating mechanisms of
 the European psyche. This projective
 mechanism Fanon describes as follows:
 "In the degree to which I find in myself
 something unheard of, something reprehensible,
 only one solution remains for me: to
 get rid of it, to ascribe its origins to
 someone else." (1967: 190)

"The stereotype of 'the negro' is a
 discursive crystallization of the contents
 of an inordinately black 'hollow' in the
 European psyche that it must externalize

and experience as belonging to someone else.
Thus, for Fanon, in the West, 'the
Negro' has one function: that of symbolizing
the lower emotions, the baser
inclinations, the dark side of the soul.
(1967: 190). This is the meaning of
negrification, the state of being a 'negro'.

"Because the African is not a 'negro',
negrification as a form of racialization
produced what Fanon called a psycho-
existential deviation, an aberration of
affect in the psyche of African peoples.
Such a deviation arises in the psyche
of a people when 'an inferiority complex
has been created by the death and
burial of its local cultural originality'."

Racism is a bad faith attempt "to
deny the blackness within" by projecting
it onto the black skins of African
peoples while asserting an ego that is
structured around whiteness. Who would
have guessed there were links between
phenomenological philosophy and the racialization

of Africana self-consciousness?

Pagget Henry: "Gordon's second important contribution to Africana phenomenology is his analysis of the persistence of anti-black racism in the post-colonial/post-segregation era. In our examination of Fanon, we saw that negritude and anti-black racism, though having its roots in the psycho-existential shadow of the white ego, derived a lot of their power and persistence from social processes of institutionalization. One of the primary marks of the post-colonial/post-segregation era has been the removal of many of the institutional supports that reinforced the stereotype of 'the Negro'. Indeed, it is possible to argue that, in the present era, there remain 3 crucial areas of American society that continue to provide institutional support for anti-black racism: the practice of residential segregation, law enforcement, and the entertainment value of the anti-black stereotype in mass media. This is a very different world from that of Fanon's

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or DuBois's. Can anti-black racism persist within such a reconfigured institutional order? The significant contribution of Gordon's important book, *Bad-Faith & Anti-Black Racism*, is its detailed answer to this question.

"Gordon's answer is a definite yes. This answer in the affirmative is based primarily on the persistence of strong projective needs arising from the bad faith practices of white subjects that are still externalized onto black bodies."

* The philosophical implications of African phenomenology. "I am aware that Western philosophy is currently going through what Habermas and others called a 'post-metaphysical' phase."

Does this mean that African philosophy is also going through a similar phase? I don't think so. The metaphysical foundations of African philosophy have never included the absolute claims for reason that have been at the center

*

3013

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of the transcendental foundations of Western philosophy. In the African tradition, reason has always had to share the metaphysical stage with poetics and historical action. Indeed, in its post-metaphysical phase - a phase in which it is sealing down its claims for reason - Western philosophy may move closer to some of the fundamental metaphysical positions of African philosophy.

"African phenomenology cannot be incorporated into Western phenomenology without significant philosophical loss."

"When more fully thematized, it is very likely to be an original metaphysics that reflects the experiences of African peoples and the distinct knowledge producing practices that were developed under the world shattering conditions of racialization and colonization."

"New modes of comparative analysis should seek to create bridges and meta-philosophical discourses between these culturally distinct philosophies."

2011. 12. 20



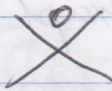
In the final section of the appendix of Madness & Modernism, called "The Laterality Hypothesis," there are some notes to be taken, as I am passing this book off to Brother Tommy.

I am interested in the left hemisphere of the brain, because my mother's got some damage there.

The left hemisphere is specialized for language, abstract symbolic thinking, and detailed and analytic modes of cognition. ~~The left hemisphere~~ It is usually described as the dominant hemisphere, its particular specialization being considered a more recent development in the evolution of the brain. It has tended to be viewed as the true seat of CONSCIOUSNESS and rationality, of "the executive conscious self" (it is the cogito of Descartes's famous cogito ergo sum).

The right hemisphere is specialized for imagistic, holistic, synthetic, and visual-spatial modes of knowing, and thus for intuitive processing.

The projects of neurobiological explanation and phenomenological interpretation are by no means incompatible; and brain abnormalities need not be associated with a lowering of mental level, a decline of those fundamental tendencies of mind that have long been considered to define the human essence. (Sass 1992)



Before purchasing a book at Barnes & Noble (after Christmas) next week, my goal is to finish studying (reading intensely) Maurice Merleau-Ponty's Phenomenology of Perception.

The remaining chapters sound very stimulating:

II

- 2 Space p. 283
- 3 The Thing and the Natural World p. 348
- 4 Other Subjects and the Human World p. 403

III

- 1 The Cogito p. 429
- 2 Temporality p. 476
- 3 Freedom p. 504